

PROLOGUE

To the *Injur'd Lover*, Spoken by Mr. Mountfort.

O' Hayns's Fate is now become my share,
For I'm a *Poet*, *Married*, and a *Player*;
The Greatest of these *Curses* is the *First*;
As for the latter *two*, I know the *worst*;
But how you mean to deal with me to Day,
Or how you'l *Massacre* my harmless Play,
I must confess distracts me every *Way*;
For I've not only *Criticks* in the *Pit*.
But even in the Upper Gallery they sit,
Knaves that will run down Mr. Mountfort's Wit;
I'm the Unlucky't *Dogg* that ever Writ.
Some Care then must be taken, that may save
This *Dear*, my First Begotten, from the Grave;
Some Friends Advise, like Brother *Ben* declare,
By God 'tis Good, deny't the Slave that Dare.
Were I but sure 'twould *Take*, I'de do my best;
But to be Kick'd, you know, would spoil the Jest.
However I must still my Play maintain,
Damn it who will, *Damn* me, I'll Write again;
Clap down each thought, nay, more then I can think,
Ruin my Family in *Pen* and *Ink*.
And tho' my Heart should burst to see your spite,
True *Talboy*, to the last I'll Cry and Write,
That's Certain.
Or since I am beset so by my *Eyes*,
I beg your favours, Friends, Brother *Beaux*;
Joyn with the Ladies, to whose Power I bow,
Where I see Gentleness on every brow;
To whose Acuter Judgments I submit,
O! save me from the *Surlies* of the *Pit*:
Those Nauseous *Wretches* which have not the taste
Of Wit or Gallantry if Nicely Drest.
I never Writ till *Love* first touch'd my Brain,
And surely *Love* will now *Love* Cause Maintain,
Besides my *Natural Love* to Write again.
Yet as you Please, *Ruin* or *Pity* bear,
Sir *Courtly* fears no Enemy so Fair:
Execute as you please Your Tyrant Will,
His Character's, Your Humble Servant Still.

EPILOGUE

To the *Injur'd Lovers*, Spoken by Mr. *Jealous*.

MY Brother *Mountfort* in the Scene Room sits,
To hear the Censure of your sharp quick Wits
Expecting a most dreadful Damning Doom;
My Third Day's past, but his Poor Soul's to come.
Encourage him, Faith Do, 'tis Charity.
Poets You know are Poor, and so are We:
Let this Tho, Give no Offence t' th' Brother Writers,
But if it does, there's few of 'em are *Fighters*:
Those that are so, he does exclude his *Pen*,
For like *Town Bully*, He would *Know* his *Men*.
He begs but one thing, be not so uncivil
To *Scan* his *Play*, for then 'twill be the *Devil*;
Not but he *Dares* stand by't, but to prevent Evil,
For Nice Sir *Courtly's* so well bred you know,
He would not question it, and pray don't you.
The *Plot* I'm sure is good, or if it be not, Fye,
Your *Chair-Men* now a-daies *Plot* Tragedy.
Pardon but this, and I will *Pawn* my *Life*;
His *Best* shall match my *Devil of a Wife*.
We'll Grace it with the Imbellishment of *Song* and *Dance*
We'll have the *Monsieur* once again from *France*,
With's *Hoop* and *Glasses*; and when that's done,
He shall divert you with his *Riggadoone*. [*Dances like*
Pluck up *de Petticoat* above *de Knee*,
To shew *de Fine Shoe-String*, and *de Dapper Thigh*,
And not make one *Blush*, no *Begar*, not in one *Lady*.
With *Tawny Gullet*, *Face* as ugly too,
As a *Fresh Awkward Covent-Garden Beau*.
Hey *de brave French-man Men* for he can *Fly*
Home again he has into his own *Country*,
So fare him Well, of him no more,
But to the *Poet*, to him be kind, as I said before,
Else to stand by him every *Man* has *Swore*.
To *Salisbury-Court* we'll hurry the next *Week*,
Where not for *Whores*, but *Coaches* you may seek;
And more to *Plague* You, there shall be no *Play*,
But the *Emperor o' th' Moon* for every *Day*.